# Terror Firma

**[Part One]**

(A big door hisses open.)
GEMMA: Oh, it's just another corridor.
SAMSON: And it's dark.
(Footsteps on metal.)
GEMMA: I wonder what happened? Where's the crew?
SAMSON: Perhaps they're dead. Let's go back. At least there the lights work.
GEMMA: Spoilsport. You go if you want. If you're okay leaving me to the mercy of terrifying alien invaders.
SAMSON: Oh, you'll be the death of me.
GEMMA: We've all got to go at some point. Hey, another door.
SAMSON: What if someone's inside?
GEMMA: Well, you know what Mum always says. Nothing ventured
BOTH: Nothing gained.
(Door hisses open.)
GEMMA: Hello? Is anyone there.
(Throaty, rasping breathing.)
DAVROS: You have found me. Please help.
SAMSON: Oh God, he's, I mean, you're. Well, you know, you're not human.
GEMMA: Let me see. Oh. Er, hi. Are you okay?
DAVROS: It is dark. Step into the light. Let me see you.
SAMSON: Careful, Gemma. We don't know what, who he is.
DAVROS: Closer.
GEMMA: It's all right. Don't (sizzle, screams.)
SAMSON: Gemma? Stop it! Please, what are you?
DAVROS: (laughing) What am I? I am Davros!

(The Tardis materialises and the door opens.)
C'RIZZ: It's dark. Is your universe always this dark?
CHARLEY: No, not normally. But it could be a corridor or a cave.
DOCTOR: Or we could just be somewhere else in C'Rizz's universe. No guarantees, remember?
CHARLEY: Oh, spoilsport. No, this is home. I can, I can sense it.
C'RIZZ: How?
DOCTOR: She can't sense it at all. She's just hoping.
CHARLEY: Well, aren't you?
DOCTOR: Might be. Possibly. Perhaps. All right, yes.
C'RIZZ: At least in my universe the lights worked. Metal. Not a cave, then.
CHARLEY: Shame they didn't give you x-ray vision to go with your super-duper hearing.
C'RIZZ: Shame they didn't give you a map instead a mouth.
DOCTOR: Ah ha, children. Remember what the Doctor said.
CHARLEY: We're only joking.
DOCTOR: It's hard to tell sometimes.
C'RIZZ: We could do with one of your everlasting matches right now.
CHARLEY: Useless things.
C'RIZZ: How so?
CHARLEY: They don't last for ever. About three minutes, if I remember rightly.
DOCTOR: This way, children. Follow me.
CHARLEY: Yes, Doctor.
C'RIZZ: Right away, Doctor. Is it going to be like this from now on, having to watch everything we say?
CHARLEY: (laughs) For a week or so, then he'll forget. Or be rude to one of us and we can turn the tables. So, do you think we're home, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Don't know yet. There's a door here.
C'RIZZ: How can you tell?
DOCTOR: By pushing on it. And (creak) it's opening.
CHARLEY: Light!

C'RIZZ: Stop, Doctor!
DOCTOR: Why?
C'RIZZ: Charlotte's right. We saw a crack of light.
DOCTOR: And that's bad because?
CHARLEY: What if someone's inside?
DOCTOR: Your collective caution is laudable and demonstrates you've learned a lot. However,
CHARLEY + C'RIZZ: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.
DOCTOR: Precisely. Here goes.
(Door creaks open. Familiar rhythmic tones in background.)
CHARLEY: Oh, I imagine this means we're home, then.
DALEK: Do not move! (multiple voices repeat under dialogue)
DALEK 2: You are the Doctor! You are our prisoner! (multiple voices repeat under dialogue)
DAVROS: Doctor. Welcome back. I, we, have been waiting for you.
(The Daleks continue to rant until -)
DAVROS: Silence!
C'RIZZ: What are they?
CHARLEY: Not very nice.
DOCTOR: There's an understatement. Well, this is quite a welcoming committee. Any tea? No? Perhaps some cake? I love a bit of cake, don't you, Charley?
CHARLEY: Yes, Doctor. What is that?
DAVROS: Child, are you referring to me?
CHARLEY: Oh! Sorry, that was rather rude. It's been a long day and er, oh, sorry, now I'm rambling. My name's Charley. Hello.
DAVROS: Welcome to my world, Charley. I am its Emperor.
DOCTOR: How marvellous for you. C'Rizz, say hello to the not very nice Emperor.
C'RIZZ: Er, it's a pleasure to meet you. Is that the right expression, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: Yes, but I think we're actually meant to be screaming, or perhaps proclaiming, Daleks all along, we should have realised!
DOCTOR: Charley, you stole my line. Well, Emperor, sorry to have dropped in unannounced, but as Charley says, it's been an incredibly long day. Don't mind us, though. Well, Charley, where shall we take C'Rizz first? (walking, voice receding) How about Blackpool? We can take him up the Tower. Oh, and candyfloss. C'Rizz, you'll love candyfloss. I'll close the door behind us. You don't want a draught getting in. Er, bye then.
DAVROS: Daleks, stop them.
DALEK: Emperor.
DALEK 2: Return! Return!
DOCTOR: Or you will be exterminated? Come on back, you two. Don't you ever find it dull being so predictable?
DAVROS: Doctor, your arrival was not, as you say, unannounced. You were expected.
DOCTOR: I was? Well, that makes a change. Can I ask how? And why, for that matter?
DAVROS: All
C'RIZZ: Where are we, Doctor?
DAVROS: All
CHARLEY: And when are we?
DAVROS: All may be explained. Dalek! Escort the Doctor's companions to the cells.
CHARLEY: What? No!
DOCTOR: Wait. If you hurt them
DAVROS: Then you will not help us. Don't you ever find it boring being so predictable, Doctor? Dalek! The prisoners are not to be harmed. Unless I request it.
DALEK: Emperor. Move!
C'RIZZ: Can't we go back to the Tardis?
DOCTOR: Afraid not. Now, don't worry. It'll be okay.
CHARLEY: Okay? How exactly is it going to be okay?
DOCTOR: Trust me, Charley. I'll have a little chat with the Emperor here then, I'll come and collect you both. We'll be in Blackpool in time for supper. Fish, chips, mushy peas on the front, yum, yum.
DALEK: Move or you will be exterminated.
CHARLEY: Oh, come on then, C'Rizz.
DOCTOR: And Charley?
CHARLEY: Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Look after C'Rizz. C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: I know. Look after Charlotte.
DALEK: Move!
CHARLEY: (voice recedes) All right, all right, we're moving.
DOCTOR: Welcome home, Doctor.
DAVROS: Welcome to *our* home, Doctor. Welcome to the new Dalek homeworld. (evil cackling laugh)
DOCTOR: On the bright side, things can't get any worse.

SAMSON: Oh no, we're out of lager.
(An older woman like a drunken Hyacinth Bucket replies.)
HARRIET: I'm not surprised. They're chucking it back like there's no tomorrow.
SAMSON: Maybe they're right.
HARRIET: Don't be so glum, darling. Meant to be a party.
SAMSON: Do you want me to go and get some more?
HARRIET: Yeah, be quick. The last thing we need is that lot thirsty, or worse, sober.
SAMSON: Yeah, 'cos out of everything, that's our biggest problem.
HARRIET: Oh yes, sober people are so gauche. Well, don't just stand there.
DALEK: Move into the cell!

CHARLEY: (speaking a little too fast) Well, C'Rizz, welcome to our universe. What do you think?
C'RIZZ: It's all a bit grim. These Daleks, what are they?
CHARLEY: Oh, the Doctor and I met them before. They're, well, they're pretty horrible. You know, they're like robots except there's a nasty little alien inside each of them. They're the usual sort. You know, hell-bend on universal domination and all that.
C'RIZZ: Charlotte, are you all right?
CHARLEY: What? Oh, course I am. Fine.
C'RIZZ: Er, Charlotte?
CHARLEY: C'Rizz, will you please just call me Charley.
C'RIZZ: Charley?
CHARLEY: It's my name. How many times have I told you, my friends call me. Look, please, will you just call me Charley.
C'RIZZ: I understand.
CHARLEY: Well, we can't just waste time sitting around here.
C'RIZZ: Charley, would you please do me a favour?
CHARLEY: What?
C'RIZZ: Trust me.
CHARLEY: What? C'Rizz, of course I trust you.
C'RIZZ: No. No, you don't. I want you to *really* trust me. I want you to stop putting on your act.
CHARLEY: My act?
C'RIZZ: The cheerful Charley nothing bothers me act. I know you don't want to worry the Doctor, but you don't have to protect me. I'm on your side. I can help you.
CHARLEY: Oh?
C'RIZZ: You've done so much for me, and I need. Oh, I want to be there for you, but I can only do that if you'll let me.
CHARLEY: Honestly, I'm perfectly fine. Now, how are we going to get out?
C'RIZZ: Well, this door isn't just going to open.
(Door is blown open.)
C'RIZZ: Did I do that?
CHARLEY: Er, hello?
GEMMA: Quickly! Come on!
C'RIZZ: Who are you?
GEMMA: The Resistance.
CHARLEY: There's a surprise. Hello, I'm Charley and this is C'Rizz. Who are you?
GEMMA: A girl with a big gun. Now come on, we need to get to the Great Tunnel.
CHARLEY: A tunnel. Great.
C'RIZZ: You know, since I met you and the Doctor, I must have run down more tunnels. Ah!
(Dalek weapons fire.)

GEMMA: Run!
DALEK: Emergency. The prisoners are escaping. Exterminate! Emergency. Emergency.

(Door opens.)
DAVROS: Come in, Doctor. This is
DOCTOR: Oh, excuse me.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: Didn't see you down there. Wow. Now this is what I call a laboratory.
DAVROS: You are impressed.
DOCTOR: Impressed? I'll say. Is this a? It is, isn't it. And this?
DAVROS: It is. Please, Doctor, don't touch anything.
DOCTOR: I wouldn't dream of it, Your Grace. It is Grace, by the way? Or Highness? How does one address an Emperor?
DAVROS: Politely.
DOCTOR: (laughs) Yes, of course.
DAVROS: Doctor, could I ask you something?
DOCTOR: You expect me to talk?
DAVROS: Doctor.
DOCTOR: Can you assure my friend's safety?
DAVROS: They are secure, for now.
DOCTOR: Then you may ask me anything.
DAVROS: Can I ask, why do you not show fear?
DOCTOR: Fear?
DAVROS: You must know that your likelihood of surviving the next hour is practically zero, yet you do not seem to be the slightest bit concerned.
DOCTOR: Oh, Emperor, I am concerned. Of course I am. And yet, well, it's a bit difficult to explain really.
DAVROS: Try. I am interested.
DOCTOR: You are? Well, do you know where we've been?
DAVROS: We tracked your Tardis as it returned from another universe.
DOCTOR: Yes, you did, didn't you. Well, you see, I wasn't quite myself there. They had no concept of time. In fact, they didn't really have linear time, which, as you can imagine, wasn't easy for me.
DAVROS: As a Time Lord.
DOCTOR: Exactly. I'm back, you see. You approve of that? I'm back, in the universe with candy floss, chunky monkey ice cream, cuckoo clocks that work. I'm back in a universe where time exists. I can feel it. I'm back home. I know the situation's a bit grim, what with you being here, no offence.
DAVROS: None taken.
DOCTOR: But I'm back! I'm home! And I'm me again! Ha ha! I'm a Time Lord, and I finally have some time to lord it over.
DAVROS: And that is important?
DOCTOR: Important?
DAVROS: Being you. Knowing what you are, and being.
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Wouldn't you agree?
DAVROS: But who are you? Who are you really?

NIGEL: Nigel. Nigel Bracket.
SAMSON: Yeah, yeah, pleased to meet you.
HARRIET: Nigel, darling. How's Pam?
NIGEL: Oh, groovy, thanks. She'll be along later. I think she's still doing her face.
HARRIET: Oh, good idea. She's rather plain, isn't she. And as for that hat she wears, makes her look like a dying sunflower. Tell me, Nigel, does she have inner beauty?
NIGEL: Er, no. Well, I mean, yes! I think she's. I think she's a reasonably attractive woman. I love her for who she is. And I rather like that hat.
HARRIET: Oh well, I suppose these days one can't be too fussy. Ha, ha, ha, ha. About our life partners or our headwear. Another top up, Nigel. No? Well, I think I will. If I drink enough it might make this bunch seem palatable.
NIGEL: So, er, Samson, wasn't it? How are you?
SAMSON: Oh, you know. Can't complain.

HARRIET: Ha!
NIGEL: So, is it just the two of you?
HARRIET: Oh yes. My husband died many years ago, which, to be honest, is about the only interesting thing he ever did.
NIGEL: Oh, right. So, er, Samson, any brothers or sisters then?
SAMSON: No.
HARRIET: Samson!
SAMSON: Mum, let's not do this again.
HARRIET: Tell me, Nigel. Don't you think family is important?
NIGEL: Well, I
HARRIET: Samson here would disagree. I can tell you though, Nigel, I can tell you because you're a real friend. Perhaps you'd like to know the truth about my family.
NIGEL: Please, don't feel you have to.
SAMSON: Mum, you're embarrassing yourself.
HARRIET: Oh, I'm embarrassing myself, am I? What's so embarrassing about grieving for your sister?
SAMSON: There never was a sister. She wasn't real.
HARRIET: They killed her!
SAMSON: Mum!
HARRIET: Oh, that's it. Run away. What are you all looking at? So sorry about that, Nigel. Scotch egg?

(Dalek weapons fire and shouting.)
GEMMA: Come on, move!
CHARLEY: Don't worry, we're moving.
C'RIZZ: Keep up, Charley! Run!
CHARLEY: I am running, thank you, C'Rizz.
DALEK [OC]: Halt or you will be exterminated.
GEMMA: Yeah, whatever. Quickly, through here.
C'RIZZ: You're in a (unintelligible), Charley.
CHARLEY: I am not. You whinge like an old
(Bulkhead door closes. Charley is on the other side, hammering on it faintly.)
CHARLEY [OC]: Hey! Let me in! C'Rizz! C'Rizz!
C'RIZZ: What are you doing?
GEMMA: That should keep them out.
C'RIZZ: Charley! Open the door. Now!
GEMMA: She should have been quicker.
C'RIZZ: Open the door!
GEMMA: Then we'll all be dead.
C'RIZZ: Charley!
(Dalek voices and weapons on the other side of the door, then silence.)
C'RIZZ: Charlotte?

DAVROS: It's dark. Please, Doctor, take a seat.
DOCTOR: Thank you. Now, what did you want to talk about? Times past, hmm? Like that time we worked together. Oh, what
DAVROS: (Dalek voice) We need you to find something for us.
DOCTOR: We?
DAVROS: The Emperor (more normal) No, I need you to find something,
DOCTOR: Are you all right?
DAVROS: I, no, (Dalek) we need you
DOCTOR: To find something, yes, I got that bit.
DAVROS: Help me, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'll try, but you have to tell me what the problem is.
DAVROS: He's gone.
DOCTOR: I see.
DAVROS: Yes.
DOCTOR: And that's obviously concerning you.
DAVROS: He's left us. (Dalek) He is not important, Doctor. There never was a. He wasn't real.
DOCTOR: You're really not at all well, are you.

CHARLEY: (breathless) Oh God, which way now? Charlotte Elspeth Pollard, you've really outdone yourself this time. Captured by Daleks, imprisoned, rescued, and then captured again. I may be the unluckiest person in the
(Rumbling.)
CHARLEY: What is that noise?

(Mobile phone ring tone.)
NIGEL: Oh sorry, that's me. Hello? I'm sorry, do excuse me.
HARRIET: Of course you're excused, Nigel. But don't be long, or you'll miss my little surprise.
(Door opens and closes.)
HARRIET: That's it, go and leave me. Gemma, Samson, and now Nigel. Oh, come on, Harriet. Work. Ah, Margaret! Margaret!

NIGEL: Yeah, no, no, it's fine. I'll take rain over Harriet Griffin any time. You think you'll make it? What? Pam? Sorry, it's a bad line. Just a minute.
(Heavy breathing. Nigel's voice is a little way away, partially drowned out by the heavy rain.)
NIGEL: That's better. I can hear you now. You want me to what? (laughs) All right, but I cannot just up and leave. I'll hang on half an hour till she's totally. Yeah, she's in one of those moods, dah-ling. Okay. then. See you when I get home. No, you hang up. No, you. (laughs) I am. All right, then. Together. After three. One, two (screams)

HARRIET: That's it, Margaret. Oh, you put your left leg in. Oh, darlings, don't be such a bunch of Daleks.
CROWD: You put your left leg in, your left arm out.
HARRIET: In out, in out, and shake it all about.
CROWD: You do the hokey cokey

C'RIZZ: Charlotte.
GEMMA: Look, I'm sorry, but we really have to get moving.
C'RIZZ: You killed her!
GEMMA: No. The Dalek killed her. It's what they do.
C'RIZZ: I needed her. I needed her to be my friend.
GEMMA: Oh. Well, I can be your friend now.
C'RIZZ: What!
GEMMA: Listen, we really do have to get moving.
C'RIZZ: And head to the tunnel. Yes, you said. But just promise me one thing.
GEMMA: What?
C'RIZZ: This Resistance, it's going to destroy the Daleks.
GEMMA: Well, that's the plan.
C'RIZZ: Then tell me what I have to do.

DAVROS: You have to find (Dalek) You destroyed it!
DOCTOR: What?
DAVROS: You destroyed Skaro! You destroyed the Daleks!
DOCTOR: Er, to be fair, that was actually you.
DAVROS: Emperor abandoning bridge. Emperor activating escape pod. (normal) Help me, Doctor. I can hear them. I can hear his voice. (Dalek) Escape pod (normal) Quickly, Doctor, pass me (Dalek) Escape pod leaving (normal) Don't let me be surrounded by the darkness. Not again. Pass me that hypodermic.
DOCTOR: What? Oh, this. Say please.
DAVROS: Please. (Dalek) Escape pod leaving mother (normal) Please.
DOCTOR: There you go.
(Hiss.)
DAVROS: Ah.
DOCTOR: Better?
DAVROS: I am grateful, Doctor.
DOCTOR: So, are you going to tell me what you want?
DAVROS: You destroyed my world. I have created a new one. I was completely alone, Doctor. Alone because of you.

DOCTOR: Well, I'd apologise, but you know, after everything you'd done in the past, I'm not going to feel so bad about destroying the Daleks.
DAVROS: I am not a Dalek.
DOCTOR: Well, not yet. Look, while I'm sure this is all very therapeutic for you, I am a busy man. Got a universe to explore, old friends to look up.
DAVROS: Do not leave me, Doctor, please.
DOCTOR: Well, what is it you want me to do?

CROWD: You put your right arm in, your right arm out.
HARRIET: That's it, come on.
CROWD: Shake it all about.
HARRIET: Let's show them who we really are.
CROWD: And you turn around. That's what it's all about.

NIGEL: Oh, Samson, it's you.
GEMMA [OC]: (echoes) Where are you, Samson?
SAMSON: I don't know.
NIGEL: Er, okay. Try and calm down. What's the matter?
SAMSON: It wasn't me. It was him. He did it. He took her.
NIGEL: Took who?
SAMSON: I can hear. I can hear her voice, but she wasn't real.
GEMMA [OC]: (echoes) Join us, Samson.
NIGEL: Er, look, why don't we go inside? Your mother's wondering where you are.
SAMSON: No, she isn't. She couldn't care less about me.
NIGEL: I'm sure that's not true.
SAMSON: I don't care. I don't care any more. Since they came it's all changed.
NIGEL: Yes, of course it has, but, we have to go on living.
SAMSON: Do we?
(Runs off.)
NIGEL: Samson! Strange fellow. It's a wonder they weren't exterminated.

GEMMA: You okay?
C'RIZZ: Oh, I'm fine. First L'Da and her family, then my father, and now Charley. I'm just fine.
GEMMA: We've all lost people. Listen, C'Rizz, I am sorry abut Charley.
C'RIZZ: If I were you, I'd be more concerned about yourself. People I meet have a tendency to be exterminated.
GEMMA: Don't worry about me. Now, come on. We need to get to the tunnel.
C'RIZZ: And that's where this Resistance is?
GEMMA: No. They're at the other end. We wouldn't want our base in a tunnel.
C'RIZZ: Why not?
GEMMA: Well, it wouldn't be safe. The tunnel's not just underground, it's underneath the sea. Can't you hear it? We're getting closer.

SAMSON: I know you're out there. Bring her back!
GEMMA [OC]: (echoing) Samson, you're getting closer.
SAMSON: Gemma? You're real. I can hear you.
GEMMA [OC]: (echoing) Yes, Samson.
CHARLEY: (coughing) Help me!
SAMSON: What?
CHARLEY: Please, there's a Dalek coming after me. I just can't get. Oh, for God's sake help me!
SAMSON: You're not real.
CHARLEY: I ruddy well am! Help me up!
(Scrabbling, slam of door.)
CHARLEY: Oh, thanks so much. Are you okay?
SAMSON: Gemma?

CROWD: Whoa, the hokey cokey! Whoa, the hokey cokey! Whoa, the hokey cokey! Knees bend, arms stretch, ra, ra, ra!

HARRIET: One more time. This one's for you, dearie. Come on, let's show them we won't go quietly!
CROWD: Whoa, the hokey cokey!

DAVROS: I won't go quietly, Doctor.
DOCTOR: You, you're dying, aren't you.
DAVROS: (Dalek) We won't let it happen.
DOCTOR: No, you wouldn't, would you. Not while you're still consumed by anger and hatred and self pity.
DAVROS: (Dalek) Daleks do not have anger or hatred. We are of one mind, one belief. We are never alone!

CHARLEY: Gemma? No, I'm Charlotte. Charley, to my friends.
SAMSON: I thought
CHARLEY: What?
SAMSON: It doesn't matter. Honestly, it doesn't matter any more.
CHARLEY: Oh, where are you going?
SAMSON: I'm going to stop it all now.
CHARLEY: No, wait! Oh, I can hardly see you. Where are we?
SAMSON: On the cliff. It'll soon be over.
CHARLEY: No, I mean *where* are we?
SAMSON: Where do you think? The only place on this planet that isn't swarming with Daleks. The only place where we can still see the stars.
CHARLEY: I, I think I recognise. Is this?
SAMSON: Folkestone. Of course it's Folkestone.

HARRIET: Here's to our hard work. Here's to

CHARLEY: Earth. This is Earth!
SAMSON: Well, obviously.

DOCTOR: You're not dying. You're becoming a Dalek.
DAVROS: Is there any difference? Please, Doctor, help me. Help stop the voices in my head. Help us stop all of this. Please stop the madness.
DOCTOR: How? What can I do?
DAVROS: Simple, Doctor. We need you to find Davros!

CROWD: That's what it's all about! Whoa!

**[Part Two]**

(Sounds like they are wearing spacesuits and helmets.)
SAMSON: It's dark. No surprise there. It always is.
GEMMA: You're such a cheery soul. Everything seems okay. Breathable atmosphere, gravity slightly stronger than normal.
SAMSON: No dancing, then.
(Helmets removed.)
GEMMA: You did enough of that last night.
SAMSON: Well?
(Deep sniffs.)
GEMMA: We're not dead.
SAMSON: Maybe not physically.
GEMMA: Serves you right for knocking back the beer like there were no tomorrow.
SAMSON: It was Skipper's birthday. Would have been rude not to.
GEMMA: You'll get no argument from me. Come on, then.
(Footsteps on metal.)
SAMSON: It's huge.
GEMMA: You've seen bigger.
SAMSON: I can't seen there being any survivors. It looked pretty battered.

GEMMA: Yeah. Ah ha! I see a door. There must be some kind of
SAMSON: Wait! I'll do it. Stand back.
GEMMA: Sod off. There.
(Door hisses open.)
GEMMA: Oh, it's just another corridor.
SAMSON: And it's dark.

(Raining hard with occasional thunder.)
CHARLEY: Er, oh God. Can't be. Oh, not after everything. It's not true!
SAMSON: Stop talking. For God's sake, shut up!
CHARLEY: Why are you doing this?
SAMSON: You don't understand.
CHARLEY: Oh God, it's never going to stop, is it?
SAMSON: What?
CHARLEY: Listen to me. Whatever it is, it can't be that bad. Please, I need you!
SAMSON: Why?
CHARLEY: Because I'm lost, terrified, and I'm lost and I'm cold and wet and shivering. I don't know how much more of this I can take.
SAMSON: I can't.
CHARLEY: Please, listen to me. No matter what the Daleks have done, no matter what happened, this is our only chance at life. If I've learnt anything over the last however long it's been, it's that this is your only chance. I've got a friend. He's lost, well, everything. The woman he loved, his home, everything. And then today his father died and, do you know what he wants to do? He wants to care for me. He's more concerned about how I'm feeling than about anything that's happened to him.
SAMSON: So?
CHARLEY: So, oh, I don't know. What I'm trying to say is, there's always someone there who loves you. I mean, they might not say it, and you might not say it back to them. You might not even know they exist. But they do love you. And the last thing they would want is for you to die.
SAMSON: I'm so tired.
CHARLEY: Well then, let me help you. Tell me what's wrong and perhaps I could help you. Please.
SAMSON: Perhaps we could, I could help you. Get you some food and stuff.
CHARLEY: Oh, I haven't eaten in hours.
SAMSON: We could help each other. Try and fight the Daleks.
CHARLEY: Yes. You know what they say. Nothing ventured
BOTH: Nothing gained.

C'RIZZ: So, this is your Great Tunnel.
GEMMA: We shouldn't hang around. Not sure how safe it is.
C'RIZZ: Is this where you used to worship your god? Charley used to say his name a lot.
GEMMA: What are you like? Actually, what are you?
C'RIZZ: Sorry?
GEMMA: Well, it's dark, but I can see you're not human.
C'RIZZ: I'm a Eutermesan.
GEMMA: Never heard of you.
C'RIZZ: You wouldn't have done. I'm from another universe.
GEMMA: You'd have been better off staying there.
C'RIZZ: There wasn't anything left for me, so, so I came here with my friends.
GEMMA: Charley.
C'RIZZ: And the Doctor.
GEMMA: And where's he?
C'RIZZ: Oh, we left him with the Emperor. The Emperor of your gods?
GEMMA: (laughing) Who?
C'RIZZ: I don't know. He didn't say his name.

DOCTOR: Davros?
DAVROS: (Dalek) Correct, Doctor. We need you to find him.
DOCTOR: Well, that shouldn't be too difficult.
DAVROS: I would not be so sure. He can be very elusive.

DOCTOR: Have you looked down the back of the settee?
DAVROS: Do not mock us, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Well, where did you last see him?
DAVROS: In, (normal) in darkness. Oh, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Yes?
DAVROS: What is happening to me?
DOCTOR: Do you know who you are?
DAVROS: Sometimes we are me, and sometimes I am me.
DOCTOR: You're scared, aren't you?
DAVROS: (Dalek) Daleks fear nothing. (normal) I am losing myself. Finally, I am losing Davros.
DOCTOR: I'm sorry.
DAVROS: What? You have sympathy, pity for me?
DOCTOR: I know what it's like to lose a part of you, to lose something that defines you.
DAVROS: So you will help me?
DOCTOR: Maybe. Yeah, all right, but I want my friends bringing here. Now, Davros.
DAVROS: Very well. (intercom beep) Dalek, bring the Doctor's companions here. Really? Ah, Doctor, this is most embarrassing. We will not be able to comply with your request, as your companions have already escaped.
DOCTOR: (laughing) You see? Now that is what I love about Charley and C'Rizz. They never, ever give up.
DAVROS: You choose your friends wisely. They are important to you?
DOCTOR: You know they are. They'd better be safe, Davros. For your sake as well as mine.

(The drunken party crowd is singing a wordless song when the door opens.)
CHARLEY: Oh my.
(They shut up.)
HARRIET: Wha? Oh, Samson?
SAMSON: Mum.
HARRIET: So you came back.
SAMSON: Yes. We're going to fight.
HARRIET: Oh, we are, are we? And who's this?
CHARLEY: Hello. My name's Charlotte Pollard. Charley.
HARRIET: Oh, charmed, I'm sure. Now look at you both, dripping all over the shag pile. Go on through to the kitchen.

DAVROS: Physically, there is little left of me, but that is of no importance. What is is that Davros is kept alive. What is not my physical form but my intelligence, my thoughts, my history, my life.
DOCTOR: Your soul.
DAVROS: Indeed, Doctor. I have decided to transplant who, what I am into a new form.
DOCTOR: And how is that going to stop your mental degradation?
DAVROS: It is a simple matter of perspective. I will no longer be confined to this. I will no longer resemble a Dalek. For too long I have clutched onto the remnants of this physical form as if it is that which makes me who I am. I know now that this is incorrect.
DOCTOR: Yes, it's what you look like on the inside that counts. At least, that's what you tell the girls.
DAVROS: I have taken a small portion of my living tissue
DOCTOR: And there's very little left of that.
DAVROS: From that I have been able to grow a body, a clone. Look, Doctor, and behold my destiny.
(Bulkhead slides away.)
DOCTOR: Ooo. Defrost your very own Davros. Was that what you were like before the accident? Oh dear. Never really were a looker, were you?
DAVROS: I cannot remember. It must be.
DOCTOR: Right, so we bung your brain into the new body and then what? What will you do then?
DAVROS: I will destroy these Daleks and I will leave. I would request that you take me somewhere in your Tardis. Somewhere peaceful. Isn't that what we all want? Peace?
DOCTOR: Oh, come on, Davros. We've been through all this before. A Dalek can't change its bumps.
DAVROS: (Dalek) We argh (normal) I, I, I am not a Dalek.

DOCTOR: Of course you are. No, no, listen to me. I understand, really I do. I'm a Time Lord. There's nothing I can do to change that, no matter what I do or where I go.
DAVROS: You are ashamed of your own race?
DOCTOR: Yes, a bit. Half of my lot are crazy or corrupt, and the other half, well, they're duller than you could possible imagine.
DAVROS: And you fear that is your destiny?
DOCTOR: Not while I've got my friends. But one day they'll be gone, and the chances are that one day I'll be old and alone. And I'll find myself heading back to Gallifrey to collect dust with the rest of them. And it's just the same for you. Your destiny has always been to become just another Dalek.
DAVROS: At least you will have a home to return to, Doctor.
DOCTOR: True.
DAVROS: You feel no guilt or shame at the atrocity you committed?
DOCTOR: You mean destroying Skaro? You think I should be wallowing in angst or something? Did I have the right, yada, yada, yada. I had the right. I've seen what the Daleks are capable of. I had the right to destroy them.
DAVROS: But you didn't, did you.
DOCTOR: So you've made yourself another Dalek army. Originality was never your strong suit.
DAVROS: Perhaps, Doctor, it is not your destiny you should fear. Perhaps it is your past.

L'DA [OC]: (echoing) C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: What?
GEMMA: What?
C'RIZZ: You called me.
GEMMA: Not me. You must be hearing things.
L'DA [OC]: (echoing) C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ: No, not again.
GEMMA: C'Rizz, what is it?
C'RIZZ: Er, nothing. A voice from the past.
GEMMA: Okay. Well, how about if we stop for a minute, get our breath back. Are you okay?
C'RIZZ: I'm fine. Honestly, I'm, I'm fine.
GEMMA: You don't look it. What's wrong?
C'RIZZ: I'm. Well, I'm scared.
GEMMA: Is that all? We're all scared.
C'RIZZ: I'm really scared. I'm alone here. Charley's dead and the Doctor might be. This isn't my world. It isn't even my
GEMMA: Your universe. You said.
C'RIZZ: Sorry, am I boring you?
GEMMA: Yeah, but at least you're pretty to look at.
(Both laugh.)
GEMMA: Oh, humourless lizard boy cracks a smile. It'll be okay, you know. I'll look after you.
C'RIZZ: I'm not a child.
GEMMA: I can see that. Sorry, was that as terrible as it sounded?
C'RIZZ: Worse.
GEMMA: God, what would my mum say if, if
C'RIZZ: Are you all right?
GEMMA: I can't, I can't remember her face. Oh, it doesn't matter.
C'RIZZ: You should never forget.
GEMMA: I know. It's just. Oh, sometimes I don't know how much more of this I can take.
C'RIZZ: Hey, what happened to my girl with a big gun?
GEMMA: She's bricking it.
C'RIZZ: Okay, now I'm confused. You're building something?
GEMMA: (laughs) Come on, let's get
(A distant unintelligible man's voice.)

SAMSON [OC]: (echoing) Samson.
CHARLEY: What?
HARRIET: Oh, ignore him, Charley. He just wants attention. Now come on, have some more pie. I defrosted it myself.
CHARLEY: (mouth full) No, really, I'm so full. Oh, thank you so much. I feel positively human

again. Actually, Harriet, may I ask a question?
HARRIET: As long as it's not about my age. Oh, how one fears the big four oh.
CHARLEY: (splutters) No. No, it isn't that. No, it's, well, you do know there's a Dalek base underneath Folkestone?
HARRIET: Well, yes. What an odd question.
CHARLEY: But you all seem so unconcerned.
HARRIET: They leave us alone, we leave them alone. I've had worse neighbours. I mean, actually we're quite lucky.
CHARLEY: Lucky?
HARRIET: Well, yes. The rest of the world's covered in that god-awful what do they call it, Samson?
SAMSON: Protective shield.
HARRIET: That's it. I knew it sounded rude. Yes, the rest of the world's surrounded by that metal thing. God alone knows what goes on there.
CHARLEY: You mean the whole world is covered in metal and ruled by the Daleks? All of it except for Folkestone?
HARRIET: Well, it is a very pretty town. Pre-occupation it was voted one of Britain's top ten tourist destinations.
SAMSON: Only because of the tunnel to Calais.
CHARLEY: The tunnel?
HARRIET: In France, dear. Have you ever been? We used to summer in Bordeaux.
CHARLEY: We used to go to Cannes.
HARRIET: Ah, delightful. Of course, France was one of the first countries to fall. Quelle surprise.
CHARLEY: There's a tunnel joining Britain and France?
SAMSON: And apparently it would be mad of us to try and fight the Daleks, so instead we throw jolly parties.
HARRIET: Scotch egg, Charley?
CHARLEY: But you, you have to fight back. We can't just sit here while the rest of the world suffers.
HARRIET: Well, there's nothing we can do. We tried fighting back at first, but you get to the stage where sometimes it's easier just to give in. Don't you ever feel like that, Charley?
CHARLEY: I. No! I mean, I'm tired, but, but no!
HARRIET: So you want to fight the Daleks.
CHARLEY: Well, yes.
HARRIET: But not tonight, eh? You need to rest. You can stay in my daughter's old room.
(Samson stifles a scream.)
HARRIET: Oh, don't start, Samson. He pretends he can't remember his own sister. It's easier than dealing with the truth of what happened to her.
CHARLEY: What?
(Thud.)
CHARLEY: Oh, Harriet, he's collapsed.
HARRIET: What? Samson? Samson! Get up, I tell you. Get up. Please?
CHARLEY: Here, let me see. Oh, it's okay. He's alive. He's just. Oh, he's trying to say something. Samson, what is it?
SAMSON: Doc, Doctor.

C'RIZZ: What's wrong with him?
GEMMA: The Daleks. When they first came, they experimented on people. Or was it before they came?
C'RIZZ: Is he human?
GEMMA: Not any more.
C'RIZZ: Er, hello?
MUTANT: Ah, hello.
(Speaking through non-moving lips.)
GEMMA: Be careful. He can be dangerous.
MUTANT: You are a prisoner of. Hello.
GEMMA: Oh. Hello.Oh, what shall we do with him?
C'RIZZ: What's your name?
MUTANT: What's your name?
GEMMA: I'm Gemma.

MUTANT: Gemma. Gemma. Pretty.
GEMMA: You hear that, C'Rizz? I've pulled.
C'RIZZ: You're a very lucky woman.
MUTANT: Pretty, pretty Gemma. Pretty hair. Good hair. Pretty Gemma. Give me your hair.
C'RIZZ: Gemma, perhaps you should move away from him. He's not looking entirely
MUTANT: Give me pretty hair!
(Gemma screams.)
MUTANT: Want your pretty hair.
GEMMA: Oh, C'Rizz, help me!
C'RIZZ: What should I do?
GEMMA: Please help me!
C'RIZZ: Try and keep still
GEMMA: Are you trying to be funny?
C'RIZZ: Sorry.
GEMMA: Let go!
(Struggle.)
GEMMA: Thanks.
C'RIZZ: No problem.
MUTANT: Pretty.
C'RIZZ: Hair.
(Crack of bone!)
C'RIZZ: Yes, you said.
GEMMA: C'Rizz.

DAVROS: You destroyed my world, my race, my people. You left me alone. Alone in the darkness, I spent years with just my thoughts.
DOCTOR: I bet the hours just flew by.
DAVROS: After a few aeons, one thought became prominent. You, Doctor. I began to think about you, and I decided that I should learn from you. Do you remember the first time we met on Skaro, all those centuries ago?
DOCTOR: Yes. What is this, Davros? What about the clone? You know, the reason you brought me here?
DAVROS: Would I release the virus?
DOCTOR: Virus?
DAVROS: Your hypothetical virus. The one that would destroy everything. The one that would set me up above the gods.
DOCTOR: What have you done?
DAVROS: I was alone, and I needed to create. So I created the virus. And we became God! Then, as the years of solitude continued, we had to decide where my new home, my kingdom should be. Where could I release my virus? Where could I truly become God? And then, then we remembered you once more. (Dalek) You who destroyed our world! (normal) And so I destroyed yours. Not Gallifrey, Doctor. Despite what you say, that isn't your destiny. It isn't where you belong.
DOCTOR: Earth.
DAVROS: Indeed, Doctor. Because of you, I released the virus here, on Earth. A virus that caused human beings to change, mutate. A virus that left them begging for someone to save them. And so I did. (Dalek) We gave them life.
DOCTOR: Those Daleks, they were human?
DAVROS: Yes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: How many? How. What have you done?
DAVROS: (normal) Welcome home, Doctor. Welcome to the home of eight billion Daleks! Eight billion men, women and children are now my Daleks because of you! No factions, no Imperial Daleks, no renegade Daleks. Eight billion Daleks who obey me without question! Can you hear the human race as it cried out to you?

SAMSON: Doctor.
CHARLEY: The Doctor?
HARRIET: Doctor Hassan isn't here. His wife's due soon. You should see the size of her, Charley. I mean, I put on a few pounds when I was pregnant.
CHARLEY: Oh, we should try and make him comfortable.

SAMSON: Doctor? He's gonna.
CHARLEY: Oh, it's okay, he's gone to sleep.
HARRIET: Leaving me to run the party by myself. Charming.
CHARLEY: Harriet! I don't wish to be rude, but your son
HARRIET: What about him?
CHARLEY: He isn't well.
HARRIET: You said he was just sleeping. Come on, Charley. Let's join the others. Now, how well can you Charleston?
CHARLEY: Quite well, actually, but er, no. He's not well inside. Harriet, when I met Samson, he was trying to
HARRIET: What. Charley?
CHARLEY: He was going to kill himself.
HARRIET: Oh.
CHARLEY: I'm sorry.
HARRIET: My poor baby.
CHARLEY: Can I get you something? A drink? Actually, I suspect you may have had enough.
HARRIET: They went away, you see. Him and Gemma. They went away. Over the hills and far away. Then one day only he came back.
CHARLEY: Was it the Daleks?
HARRIET: No, it was before they arrived. I can't, I can't talk to him any more. I don't know how to. I can't hold him, not even now. Tell me, Charley. Are your family still alive?
CHARLEY: I, I think so. I don't know any more.
HARRIET: You remind me of Gemma. You look the kind of girl who knows how to enjoy life.
CHARLEY: I did. Well, I still do.
HARRIET: Why don't you stay with us for a while? Samson and I would appreciate your company.
CHARLEY: But we have to fight the Daleks, don't we? Anyway, I have to get back to C'Rizz and the Doctor.
HARRIET: Samson!

DAVROS: Doctor. Doctor, can you hear me?
DOCTOR: You tell me all this and you expect me to help you.
DAVROS: Yes, Doctor.
DOCTOR: How? How can you expect? Davros?
DAVROS: Yes, Doctor?
DOCTOR: I'm going to kill you.
DAVROS: Good.
DOCTOR: Good? You want me to kill? No, you're trying to, what, corrupt me?
DAVROS: I no longer wish for life. There is no light. You have seen to that. I will welcome the darkness.
DOCTOR: So what's with the clone?
DAVROS: You will perform the op (pause) A diversion, that is all. I needed to keep you occupied while your companions faced their own destinies. Because, Doctor, we all have one destiny. You, me, and Daleks. Me! The human race, your companions.
DOCTOR: Death.
DAVROS: Correct. As a god, I can create, and as a god, I can destroy.
DOCTOR: Let me guess. Another virus.
DAVROS: Contained within a capsule locked away here in my Emperor's casing, where only I can access it. If someone were to attack me, Doctor, damage me in any way, the virus would be released instantly.
DOCTOR: That must help you sleep at night.
DAVROS: It keeps me safe.
DOCTOR: Who from? A few surviving humans? Or are you still paranoid about your own creations?
(Whirr.)
DAVROS: Here, Doctor. Take it. Hold it. Crush it. It would be an ending. It would be peace.
DOCTOR: Me? Oh no, I don't break that easily, Davros. There's bound to be people still alive. And while there's life
DAVROS: There's hope? A ridiculous and flawed concept. I'm alive. Is there hope for me?
DOCTOR: No, no, no, no, no. My companions, Charley, C'Rizz, they won't stop. I trust them. I

can rely on them.
DAVROS: Do you think so, Doctor? Shall we see? Let us start with the alien.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz.
GEMMA [OC]: C'Rizz.
C'RIZZ [OC]: What?

GEMMA: Why did? You just killed him.
C'RIZZ: I know, but I did it to save you.
GEMMA: You'd already saved me. What are you?
C'RIZZ: I told you, I'm. Well, I'm
GEMMA: Mad. You're mad, aren't you?
C'RIZZ: No! No, Gemma, I'm not, I'm fine. I'm perfectly fine.
GEMMA: Is that what happened with L'Da?
C'RIZZ: No! I killed. What's happening?
GEMMA: You killed him. You killed him for no reason. You're a murderer, a killer.
L'DA [OC]: Kill me!
GEMMA: What if it was me? Would you kill me? Would you help me to die? Kill me, C'Rizz. Kill me.
CHARLEY [OC]: Would you do this for me? Would you help me, C'Rizz?
C'RIZZ: What are you doing to me?
GEMMA: Do me a favour, C'Rizz, and drop the act. I really don't want to worry the Doctor. You don't have to tell him.
(C'Rizz screams as Charley's line repeats and echoes.)

DOCTOR: What's wrong with him?
DAVROS: Gemma! Gemma! Can you hear me?
GEMMA [OC]: Yes, Emperor.
DAVROS: Give him the gun and plead for your death.
GEMMA [OC]: Yes, Emperor.
DOCTOR: Davros, no!
C'RIZZ [OC] What?
GEMMA [OC]: Please, C'Rizz, kill me. You have to kill me to save me.
C'RIZZ: I will save you.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz! What have you done to him?
DAVROS: I do not think he shall be rushing to your rescue, Doctor. Now, what about Miss Pollard, your Edwardian Adventuress.

CHARLEY: Oh, Harriet, can you get me a damp cloth? He's burning up.
HARRIET: Okay.
SAMSON: Doctor, he's got Gemma. He made me come back.
CHARLEY: Come back? Does he mean come back here?
HARRIET: I don't know. He's been confused ever since he returned. It's as if he can't accept that she's gone. Here.
CHARLEY: Oh, thanks. Oh, there, there.
SAMSON: It's stuck.
CHARLEY: Try and relax. It'll be okay. Oh!
HARRIET: What?
CHARLEY: Harriet, there's something under his hair. I can feel
HARRIET: What is it?
CHARLEY: It's metal  Some kind of implant?
HARRIET: Oh, Samson, what happened to you?
SAMSON: It's dark. Give me one of those
CHARLEY: One of what? What do you want?
SAMSON: One of his everlasting matches.
CHARLEY: What!

DOCTOR: What?
DAVROS: (laughing) You really don't remember, do you. Look at his face, Doctor.
DOCTOR: It, it seems familiar.
DAVROS: And the female who C'Rizz is about to kill? Young Gemma Griffin?

DOCTOR: They're alive. They never, ever, ever give up. Be strong, C'Rizz.
DAVROS: Your friends are important to you. They make you what you are.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes!
DAVROS: The Daleks made me what I am, but you took that away.
DOCTOR: So you're going to take my friends from me.
DAVROS: I already have!
DOCTOR: You're wrong! Charley and C'Rizz, they are stronger than you think.
DAVROS: Not them, Doctor. Your other friends.
DOCTOR: What?
DAVROS: Think back, Doctor. Think back to before you met C'Rizz in the Divergent universe.
C'RIZZ [OC]: Who are you? Monsters. Monsters everywhere. Haven't you hurt me enough?
DOCTOR [OC]: I am the Doctor. This is Charlotte.
DAVROS: Think back to before you met Charlotte Pollard on the airship R101.
CHARLEY [OC]: Oh, I do declare, you might just be the oddest man I've ever met.
DOCTOR: How do you know all this?

CHARLEY: How does he know about the Doctor? Harriet, he knows about the Doctor!
HARRIET: Doctor Hassan?
CHARLEY: No, for God's sake, not Doctor Hassan. My Doctor.
HARRIET: Your doctor? You mean your local GP? Well, Samson did travel for a bit. I mean, when
CHARLEY I mean *the* Doctor. The Doctor has everlasting matches. Wait, wait. Samson! Samson, open your eyes. That's it, open your eyes for me.
SAMSON: Oh, hello, Charley.
CHARLEY: Oh, where is, where is? Oh, here. (jingle) Right, Samson, do you recognise what this is?
HARRIET: Well, it's a key. Of course he knows what it is. He might not be the brightest button, but he's not a zombie.
CHARLEY: It's not just any key, though. Samson, do you know.
SAMSON: You have the key. The Tardis key.

DAVROS: Think back, Doctor. Unlock those forgotten memories.
SAMSON [OC]: It's dark (echoes)
DOCTOR: What have you done to me? Argh!
DAVROS: I hate you, Doctor. Your existence acts as salt on my wounds. I have destroyed your friends. I have destroyed Earth. I have destroyed you! This, Doctor, is our final battle. This is the end! Bwahahahahahahaha!
DOCTOR: I remember!
DOCTOR [OC]: All I have to do is turn that key, press that button.
SAMSON [OC]: It's dark.
C'RIZZ [OC]: We're all going to be dead soon anyway.
CHARLEY [OC]: Do you know something we don't?
(jumble of voices one over the other until)
ALL: Nothing ventured, nothing gained.

DOCTOR: Samson? Gemma?
GEMMA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Back to the Tardis?
SAMSON: Back to the Tardis.
(Footsteps, Tardis door opens.)
SAMSON: Here, Doctor?
DOCTOR: Yes, what is it?
(Tardis door closes.)
SAMSON [OC]: We made a difference, didn't we?
DOCTOR [OC]: Yes, I think so. Don't you?
GEMMA [OC]: Well, we tried our best. And you know what they say, nothing ventured
SAMSON + GEMMA [OC]: Nothing gained.
(Tardis engines.)

**[Part Three]**

DOCTOR: Lights! That's better. Now we can see.
SAMSON: Oh, turn them back off.
DOCTOR: Samson. Oh dear, someone's looking a bit green.
GEMMA: Bless. My brother, the lightweight.
SAMSON: Shh, shh, shh. You're both very lovely people, but please, shh.
GEMMA: What a party, though. It was just. Oh, I'm actually lost for words.
DOCTOR: Really? You? They know how to have fun on Valvensis. Best birthday I've had in centuries. Oh, and thank you both again for the present. First edition, too.
GEMMA: And you haven't read it already?
DOCTOR: Not as far as I can remember.
(Tardis engines.)
DOCTOR: Of course, Agatha travelled with me for a while. Lovely woman, but always looking for clues. You couldn't eat your breakfast without her noticing which hand you buttered your toast with.
SAMSON: Surely you'd use a knife? Oh, Doctor, don't you have some kind of magic space pill to stop my stomach swirling so much?
DOCTOR: Magic space pill? No, no, no, Samson, the hangover's part of the experience.
SAMSON: That's easy for you to say, you don't have one.
DOCTOR: Well, that's my magic space physiology.
GEMMA: Something wrong?
DOCTOR: What? I'm sure it's nothing. The Tardis has found something in the Vortex.
SAMSON: So, not nothing then. What is it?
DOCTOR: See for yourself.
GEMMA: A spaceship!
SAMSON: Nothing gets past you, does it?
DOCTOR: Now, now, children. Looks like it's been in the wars, though. What do you think? Explore or ignore?
GEMMA: Explore.
SAMSON: Whatever.
(The Tardis materialises.)
DOCTOR: You both suited and booted?
SAMSON: Yeah.
GEMMA: Check.
DOCTOR: Stick together, and. Actually, I had best come along too.
SAMSON: Honestly, Doctor, we'll be fine. You stay and read your book. We'll be back before (French accent) Monsieur Poirot, 'e 'az found ze killer.
DOCTOR: All right, but be careful. Gemma, I'm looking at you when I say that.
GEMMA: Oh, yes, dad.
DOCTOR: Dad. I'd rather be the cool uncle.
(Door opens. Footsteps, door closes.)
DOCTOR: Now, where was I? Ah yes, Chapter Three. The Man Who Grew Vegetable Marrows.

C'RIZZ [OC]: What?
GEMMA [OC]: Please, C'Rizz, kill me. You have to kill me to save me.
C'RIZZ [OC]: I will save you.
DALEK: Stop!
GEMMA [OC]: Wait! C'Rizz, stop.

C'RIZZ: But I thought you, you need me to save you.
GEMMA: No, something's happened to you. Please, C'Rizz, give me the gun.
C'RIZZ: I don't know!
GEMMA: Please. It's going to be okay. We'll go to the Resistance and it'll all be fine. Give me the gun.
C'RIZZ: Here. I could hear ghosts.
GEMMA: I'm real. Hold on to me. Everything's going to be okay. Everything's going to be just
(C'Rizz cries out.)

(Samson cries out.)
HARRIET: Samson, what is it?
CHARLEY: Calm down. You're safe.

NIGEL: What's going on? Harriet?
HARRIET: It's all right, Nigel, thank you. Samson is having another nightmare. Please, go back to the others.
NIGEL: Okay, okay.
HARRIET: I'll be through shortly.
CHARLEY: Harriet, why don't you just ask them to leave?
HARRIET: I don't expect you to understand. What's wrong with him, Charley?
CHARLEY: Samson? Samson, can you hear me?
SAMSON: I remember. The Tardis. Gemma!

(Classical music, a cup of tea, and pages turning.)
DOCTOR: I'm stumped. I mean, the girl and her mother are obviously red herrings. I'm fairly sure the butler didn't do it. (laughs) Oh, Agatha, it couldn't be. Not him.
(Footsteps.)
DOCTOR: You're back. How was it?
DAVROS: Dark. But it's going to get darker.
DOCTOR: What have you done to them?
DAVROS: I thought it was time *I* had companions, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Samson, Gemma, can you hear me?

DAVROS: Doctor, can you hear me?
DOCTOR: I remember. I remember what you did to me, to us.
DAVROS: You remember our destiny.

SAMSON: I remember, Charley. It all began when I was at work in the library.

GEMMA: Oh, are you nearly finished?
SAMSON: Five minutes.
GEMMA: Yeah, yeah.

DOCTOR: I wanted a book.

DOCTOR: Excuse me, I'm looking for a book.
GEMMA: You're in the right place then.
SAMSON: Gemma. I'm sorry, sir. My sister isn't meant to be here. Was there anything in particular?
DOCTOR: I fancy a mystery.
SAMSON: Ah. A Christie, perhaps.

DAVROS: I was alone.

SAMSON: And after he left the library, Gemma said

GEMMA: Strange bloke. Come on, let's follow him.
SAMSON: What? Why?
GEMMA: A, he's hot. B, it's something to do. And C, Mum's having that party tonight.

DOCTOR: I knew they were following me. I should have sent them away. Instead

GEMMA: It's alive. Feel it. What is it?
SAMSON: Police box. I've no idea.
GEMMA: I'm going in.

DAVROS: I was alone.

(The Tardis materialises, door opens.)
GEMMA: It's true. Look. Samson, where are we?

DOCTOR: (laughing) So you believe me now?
SAMSON: I guess we'll have to.

DOCTOR: They travelled with me. I remember. I remember it all. We went to Porteus, and Murgatroyd, and

(Speaking in whispers.)
DOCTOR: The Ice Caves of Shabadabadon.
GEMMA: Oh. Very cool.

SAMSON: And it wasn't just other planets. We could travel in time. We went back to the court of Queen Elizabeth, and prehistoric Earth, and

DOCTOR: Studio Fifty Four!
(Disco music.)
DJ: Doc, how you doin'? Oh, who's the chick?
GEMMA: The name's Gemma, and I'm digging your funky gear.

DAVROS: I was alone.
DOCTOR: They were my friends.

SAMSON: We met aliens. Real aliens!

ALIEN: You travel with the Doctor? Excellent.

SAMSON: And sometimes, sometimes we got caught up in the maddest adventures.

GEMMA: Doctor, what's happening?
DOCTOR: The guitars, they're coming to life. Samson, Gemma, run!

DOCTOR: My friends.

SAMSON: I was, we were so happy.

KaBOOM!
DAVROS: I was alone. The force of the explosion sending my escape pod hurtling into the Vortex. I screamed as the time winds ravaged through the pod and through me! I saw the past, the present, the future. I saw destiny! And then.

MAN: What is this?
MAN 2: Some kind of escape pod, sir.
MAN: In the Vortex? Bring it aboard.

DAVROS: It was a Nekkistani Time Cruiser. They were kind creatures. They didn't deserve to die.

MAN: And we helped you. Davros, I saved your life.
DAVROS: And you have my gratitude.
COMPUTER: Self destruct sequence activated. Awaiting final command.

DAVROS: And then the screaming stopped, and I was alone once more.
DOCTOR: We found the Nekkistani vessel in the Vortex. Samson and Gemma went to explore, and then

DOCTOR: You're back! How was it?
DAVROS: Dark, but it's going to get darker.

SAMSON: He had some kind of control over us. He hurt Gemma. He hurt my little sister.

DOCTOR: Get out of my Tardis, Davros, while you still can.
DAVROS: I think not, Doctor. However, I would suggest closing the doors.
DOCTOR: With you on board?
DAVROS: Either that or we all die when the Nekkistani vessel self-destructs.
DOCTOR: In the Vortex? Do you know what kind of damage that could cause?
DAVROS: It is unimportant. The seconds are ticking.

SAMSON: The Doctor had no choice.

DOCTOR: I had no choice.
DAVROS: There is always a choice.

SAMSON: He made me attack the Doctor.

DOCTOR: Samson, please stop!

DAVROS: And with you unconscious, and your companions in my thrall, I was able to operate
DOCTOR: My Tardis.
DAVROS: Operate *on* your Tardis, and *on* your companions. With you unconscious, I was able to study your machine. Only it isn't a machine, is it? It's alive. I am Davros, the most skilled surgeon in the universe. If it is alive, it is susceptible to my will. I am able to transform a bipedal humanoid into a Dalek! How simple to merely connect two disparate creatures.

(Over a background jumble of voices.)
SAMSON: And after I found my way here, home, there were so many voices in my head that at night I would dream about houses coming alive, and strange alien monsters, and then other universes. I would dream about you, Charley. I would dream about your adventures and I just couldn't, I couldn't cope.
DOCTOR: You linked the Tardis with a human mind? That amount of information would have been overpowering.
DAVROS: It was a risk worth taking. But once we had parted company, I would be able to
(Silent background.)
DOCTOR: Keep tabs on me.
DAVROS: Oh, Doctor, I toyed with the idea of destroying you then. (laughs) You were helpless, but I knew I wanted more than just your death. I wanted to break you. I wanted to take everything you held precious and

SAMSON: And the monster, he told me to take us home. I knew what to do. I could control the machine.

DAVROS: And the Tardis is programmed to return to the Nekkistani vessel back in the Vortex?
SAMSON: Yes, Davros.
DAVROS: Samson, Gemma, you are home. Leave the Tardis. (Dalek) Leave your past and step towards destiny!
SAMSON + GEMMA: Yes, Emperor,

HARRIET: And you came home. You came back to me. You didn't know where you'd been and you couldn't remember Gemma.
DAVROS: And the boy returned to his mother. And the girl? The girl travelled. Young Gemma Griffin had always liked to travel, so she appreciated the opportunity. Of course, everywhere she went.
NEWSREADER: Scientists are saying that a virus is the cause of recent mutations in a North American town. Residents
HARRIET: At first, we weren't that worried. I mean, darling, viruses and outbreaks are all to common these days. But then, then it got bigger.
(Background of screaming people.)

WOMAN REPORTER: It's carnage. People are desperately trying to get out of New York as the mutations spread.
DAVROS: So I offered America my (pause) help.
HARRIET: And America went silent.
DAVROS: And in the silence I created the first of the new Daleks from the mutated remains of humans!
DALEKS: Exterminate! Exterminate! Exterminate!
HARRIET: And then *they* came.
(Dalek weapons, people screaming.)

DOCTOR: And I woke up in the Tardis, and I didn't know what had happened. And then I saw the mess. Someone had interfered with my ship, but I couldn't remember.

DOCTOR: Doctor, what have you been doing? Some kind of explosion. No, no, no. No fire damage. I'm sorry, old girl. What have I tried to do to you? Well, if it makes you feel any better, I'm not feeling great myself. Still, I'll heal. You, on the other hand, need some help. We might even need the Tardis manual.
(Whoosh)
DOCTOR: Tardis manual, Tardis manual, Tardis manual. Ah, not here, are you. I really must sort through these shelves properly some century soon. Oh, Agatha Christie, The Murder of Roger Ackroyd, first printing, signed. With the last page missing. Now I'll never know who did it.

C'RIZZ: I wonder what his name was.
GEMMA: Don't dwell on it.
C'RIZZ: I just killed him. What's wrong with me?
GEMMA: It's the Daleks. They turned us into what we are now. You're no different from the rest of us.
C'RIZZ: Gemma, I've killed before.
GEMMA: Yeah, you said. Your girlfriend.
C'RIZZ: Before her. I killed others.
GEMMA: Like I said. It's the Daleks. Now just keep moving, C'Rizz. (whistles)
C'RIZZ: (sotto) Why do you keep changing? You were horrified when I snapped his neck, and now you couldn't care less. And you knew. You knew what Charlotte and L'Da said to me. Who are you?
GEMMA: Come on, C'Rizz. Don't make me sing, Lizard Boy.
C'RIZZ: Oh, anything but that. (sotto) Am I going to have to save you, too?

DAVROS: Doctor. Doctor!
DOCTOR: What?
DAVROS: I told you of our destiny, and now the time has come.
(Whirr)
DAVROS: Take it. Take the capsule.
DOCTOR: What, this?
DAVROS: The choice of life or death is yours. The tiny pressure of your thumb, enough to break the glass, will end everything. Will you do it, Doctor? Will you save us all?
DOCTOR: No. There are still people alive, Davros, and I won't be the one to kill them. You took something away from me, but now you've given it back. I am not going to let you just fade quietly into the darkness. You do it. You kill yourself if that's what you want, but I will never help you.
(Footsteps, door slides open.)
DAVROS: There's nowhere to go, Doctor.
(Door slides closed.)
DAVROS: You can't escape destiny. (Dalek) You can't escape your Emperor! You are weak, Doctor. I am strong. (normal) I wanted him to save me.

CHARLEY: So all this, he's destroyed everything, just to get back at the Doctor?
SAMSON: Yeah. I can still hear. No, no, no, feel him in my mind.
HARRIET: Oh, Samson.
SAMSON: We have to rescue the Doctor. If he's still alive, he can help us.

CHARLEY: He needs us now.
SAMSON: We'll go back to the cliff top, go in through the hatch and. What was was it like down there?
CHARLEY: Er, a Dalek base. All green and metally. Do you have any weapons?
SAMSON: Weapons? Look around you. A couple of bread knives aren't going to be much use against a Dalek.
HARRIET: Oh, Samson. Come on back through to the party.
SAMSON: Mum?
(Party.)
HARRIET: Nigel, darling, do me a favour and turn off the music. I do apologise, everyone, but it seems that tonight is the night. Margaret, you break out the guns. Jessica, go and collect all the children and take them to the safe house. Send the remaining adults to the cliff top. Trevor, you and Beryl stay here, and be ready to operate the radio when you get our signal. Everyone got their camouflage gear? Good. Right, Margaret, put them on the table. Careful not to scratch the polish. Now I've labelled them all so you should be able to find your own. Nigel, send the French Resistance a message. It's time.
NIGEL: Right you are.
SAMSON: Mum?
HARRIET: Oh Samson, you silly boy. We *are* the Resistance. The UK branch. We've been in regular contact with the French because they seem to have all the big guns.
CHARLEY: Sorry? There's only about a dozen of you.
HARRIET: Well, there were more, but recently some have disappeared. No one knows where they've gone, but the rest of us carry on. Stiff upper lip and all that. Oh, my husband's old Walther PPK semi-automatic, stainless steel finish. Beautiful.
SAMSON: Mum?
HARRIET: Did you really think we'd given up? Course we haven't. We knew help would arrive at some point, so we waited. We were hardly going to go on a suicide mission, were we. Now we know that it's this Davros we need to take out. Charley, would you mind doing me a favour?
CHARLEY: Er, yes er, I mean, what?
HARRIET: Can you go through to the kitchen and fetch some tin foil, there's a love.
CHARLEY: Foil? Why? You mean
HARRIET: To cover the vol-au-vents, of course. I don't want them going to waste. Okay, everyone, let's take back our planet!
(Cheers.)

DOCTOR: Come on, Doctor, you've been in worse scrapes than this. Buck up.
DAVROS [OC]: (Dalek) Return to us, Doctor. The Emperor commands it!
DOCTOR: No, I'm not giving into you. Life is always
DAVROS [OC]: (normal) Please, Doctor. Crush the capsule, release the virus. End all our suffering. Argh, eegh, urgh. Doctor, put me in a new body. Let us go now, please.
DOCTOR: No! Leave me alone!

DOCTOR [OC]: Get out of my head!
DAVROS: I am very tired, but I have finished my task. Soon I shall sleep.
(Beep, beep.)
DAVROS: What? No. Daleks, to me! Daleks! Where are my Daleks?

SAMSON: This is it.
CHARLEY: Are you okay? You know, being back here?
SAMSON: Yeah. There's a chance I'm going to get my sister back.
HARRIET: There's a chance we're going to get the Earth back.
CHARLEY: But first we need to get the Doctor back.
DOCTOR: I'm back.
CHARLEY: (gasp) Doctor! Oh, you're alive! You're alive! But, but you don't look. Doctor?
DOCTOR: This is all my fault, Charley. I've destroyed the Earth.
CHARLEY: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Look at me.
SAMSON: Doctor, do you
DOCTOR: Remember you? Yes, I do now. I, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, all of you.
CHARLEY: Doctor, it wasn't you. It was this Davros. Samson told us what he did. He did all this,

not you.
DOCTOR: He did it all because of what I did to him. It is just revenge.
CHARLEY: I know. But we all have to take responsibility for our own actions, Doctor. You taught me that. This wasn't you. This was him. Sounds to me he blames you for everything bad that's ever happened to him. Don't give him the satisfaction of blaming yourself.
DOCTOR: Charley, I have, I don't know what to do. I'm tired, my mind is so messed up from what he's done to it. And, and this all feels like the last page of a story that I didn't even know I was part of. What do we do?
HARRIET: We kill Davros. Harriet Griffin.
DOCTOR: Charmed. It's not that simple. There's still the matter of millions of Daleks.
SAMSON: Well, they're just like robots, aren't they? They just do what Davros wants.
DOCTOR: That's what Davros thinks. That's what he always thinks. It's what they want him to think. Of course. Charley, remember how after we landed, we nearly got back to the Tardis?
CHARLEY: Well, yes. It was quite funny, actually. The Daleks were. Oh, you mean they were pretending to be a bit slow.
DOCTOR: Davros wants to believe that because they're his new improved Daleks, they're dependent on him. He just never learns. This could be our chance, but.
CHARLEY: What?
DOCTOR: Where are they? I haven't seen any since you and C'Rizz escaped.

GEMMA: Come on, Lizard Boy. Just about there.
C'RIZZ: Gemma.
GEMMA: Oh, what now?
C'RIZZ: Can't you see them? All around us.
GEMMA: See what?
C'RIZZ: Bodies. Human bodies.
GEMMA: Yeah, I know. So? Now come on, we're nearly there.
C'RIZZ: And then I'll find out the truth, I suppose?
GEMMA: What?
C'RIZZ: Gemma, you've been manipulating me from the moment we met. I'll be your friend, C'Rizz. Come on, Lizard Boy. The little stunt about how you miss your family, and how you're scared. You knew I'd stay and look after you.
GEMMA: You're being paranoid. It's because we've been in this tunnel for so long. It's not healthy.
C'RIZZ: No. No, this isn't in my mind. You're, I don't know what you are, but this isn't just me imagining things.
GEMMA: Well, go back, then. Me, I'm going to open this door.
C'RIZZ: What?
GEMMA: We're here, C'Rizz. The Resistance is on the other side of this door. Now, are you staying or going back?
C'RIZZ: Just open it.
(Big bulkhead door clangs open.)
DALEK: You have returned, Gemma Griffin. The uprising is about to begin.
C'RIZZ: Daleks! You said this was the Resistance Base.
GEMMA: It is.
DALEK: We *are* the Resistance.

**[Part Four]**

DAVROS: They are coming. You always knew they would. (Dalek) You always knew they would turn on you once more. You made the same mistake. You made them too powerful and too single-minded, but kept yourself as (normal) They, they would not destroy me. I am Davros, their creator. (Dalek) You are Davros the fool. Again you have let your emotions control your actions. You could have destroyed the Doctor a thousand times. Instead, you plot and you rave and you rant. You are a fool! (normal) If I am a fool, then what, what are you? (Dalek) I am we should be the Emperor of the Daleks. We need no name. We need no revenge. We need power, control. (normal) I, I, I, I need peace. (Dalek) We need the Daleks. We need one universe, one mind, a single pure Dalek mind. We do not need you, and let like you, we must cower here in the darkness! We must cower and await our final destiny!

HARRIET: You see, Doctor, we've been planning this for ages, and the first thing
NIGEL: Harriet, Harriet, I just got a telegram back. They're coming.
CHARLEY: Who are?
HARRIET: The French Resistance. Fabulous.
SAMSON: Doctor, what is that?
CHARLEY: What?
SAMSON: That noise.
DOCTOR: Shh, shh, shh.
(A hissing sound with possibly voices in it.)
CHARLEY: Where's it coming from?
HARRIET: Oh. Oh dear. My darlings, we may have a slight problem.
SAMSON: Mum?
HARRIET: Behind you.
CHARLEY: That's the French Resistance? Doctor, look!
SAMSON: They're flying.
DALEKS: We are the Resistance. We are the Resistance.
DOCTOR: That is not good.

C'RIZZ: What is this? Where are we?
GEMMA: Has the advance party left for Great Britain?
DALEK: It has.
C'RIZZ: I said, where are we? Gemma, what's going on?
DALEK: The human female is a Dalek agent. Gemma Griffin, is the alien suitable?
GEMMA: He is.
C'RIZZ: Suitable for what? I thought you said you were the Resistance.
DALEK: We are resisting our Creator's madness.
GEMMA: The Creator will be destroyed.
C'RIZZ: Then what?
DALEK: All humans will be destroyed. The Daleks will be the supreme masters of Earth.
C'RIZZ: And what about you? Or what about Gemma?
DALEK: She shall be mutated. She shall become a pure Dalek.
C'RIZZ: No! Why do all this? What have the humans done to you?
DALEK: We will be saving them. Their extermination will cease their pain and suffering.
C'RIZZ: Oh. And what about me? What am I suitable for?
GEMMA: For some weeks now I've been contacting the human Resistance in Folkestone. That's why the Daleks left them alone all this time, let them survive for so long.
C'RIZZ: So you could talk to them.
GEMMA: No, they needed test subjects.
DALEK: Davros is unreliable as Emperor.
GEMMA: He let them down, became obsessed with his own mortality. He is of no value to us.
C'RIZZ: Us?
GEMMA: The Daleks. That is why we needed a human.
C'RIZZ: The man I killed.
GEMMA: The reject. The process went wrong.
C'RIZZ: And those bodies?
GEMMA: It failed on all of them. But you, you're not human. An alien. One who kills instinctively. The process will work on you.
C'RIZZ: I'm not a killer. It was an accident.
GEMMA: That was arranged. You passed our test. You were brought here for a purpose.
C'RIZZ: What?
DALEK: You will lead us. You will become the Emperor of the Daleks!

DOCTOR: You really had no idea?
HARRIET: None. Oh, I can't believe it. The French Resistance of Daleks?
SAMSON: (unintelligible.)
DOCTOR: How many other Resistance cells are there?
HARRIET: A few scattered throughout the UK, more in Europe. We have limited contact when the power works, otherwise we're self-sufficient.
SAMSON: Partying the night away.
HARRIET: No. No, we had to survive, had to wait for the right moment. If we spent all our time

plotting and planning and hiding, we thought the Daleks would be suspicious of us, especially our town. We're right on top of their base!
CHARLEY: That was risky.
HARRIET: Not really. They could keep a better eye on us. So we acted normally, pretending to make the best of a bad job.
DOCTOR: Did it ever occur to you to wonder why they let you live so close to their base?
HARRIET: We're not stupid, Doctor. Of course we did. But we couldn't exactly go and ask them, could we? And about a month ago people started to vanish, so we thought they might be on to us.
SAMSON: Why didn't you tell me about this?
HARRIET: Because I've already lost my daughter to the Daleks. I didn't want to lose you.
DOCTOR: The Daleks being the Resistance changes nothing. We still need to get Davros. Samson, the hatch.
(Creak, clang.)
HARRIET: Come on. Charley. You too, Nigel, Margaret.
DOCTOR: Harriet?
HARRIET: Yes, Doctor?
DOCTOR: You did the right thing. All of it. You're very brave.
HARRIET: They took Gemma. They took my baby.
DOCTOR: Gemma. Oh, I
HARRIET: Yes?
DOCTOR: Nothing. Now, down you go.
SAMSON: You too, Skipper.
DOCTOR: I forgot. I forgot you used to call me that.
SAMSON: I've missed you.
DOCTOR: Come on. One, two
SAMSON: Three.

(Jump down.)
SAMSON: Mum?
HARRIET: It's okay, Samson, I'm here.
DOCTOR: Charley?
CHARLEY: Here, Doctor.
HARRIET: Well, Doctor. Where do I find Davros?
DOCTOR: What are you going to do?
HARRIET: Kill him.
DOCTOR: Good. Follow me.
CHARLEY: Doctor! (sotto) Oh, C'Rizz, where are you? Talk some sense into him.

DALEK: You will lead us to the stars.
C'RIZZ: How?
GEMMA: We will create a new empire. Our ships lie beneath the waves, ready and waiting for an Emperor to lead us.
C'RIZZ: No! No, I don't want to be here. I just want to go home.
GEMMA: You have no home. This isn't your planet. It isn't even your universe.
C'RIZZ: Why me?
GEMMA: The Dalek race exists to be master of all things.
DALEK: All those who are different are inferior, and will be exterminated.
C'RIZZ: So why do you need an Emperor?
GEMMA: We require a leader who will coordinate our empire.
C'RIZZ: I don't understand you. You're not a Dalek, Gemma, you're a person.
DALEK: We need a leader who understands us, who understands the necessity of death. It is our way.
GEMMA: And it is your way. You are already a Dalek.
C'RIZZ: No. No, you're wrong. I'm not like you.
DALEK: You will be.
(Heavy metal object slides across the ground.)
C'RIZZ: What's that?
DALEK: It is the casing for our new Emperor.
GEMMA: This is your new home.

(Walking.)
CHARLEY: Doctor, I
DOCTOR: Don't, Charley.
CHARLEY: Don't what?
DOCTOR: Don't tell me you forgive me. Don't tell me I shouldn't feel bad. Don't tell me you love me. Don't say anything.
CHARLEY: You're fine. You're perfectly fine.
DOCTOR: Not in the slightest. Look.
CHARLEY: What is it?
DOCTOR: Davros gave it to me. It contains a virus that can destroy every living thing on Earth.
CHARLEY: Everything?
DOCTOR: Daleks, Davros, Harriet, you, me, everything.
CHARLEY: Oh.
DOCTOR: Charley, I wanted to do it. For just a single moment I wanted to break the capsule. I wanted it all to be over.
CHARLEY: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Charley, I need your help. I need, I can't feel like this. I am the Doctor.
CHARLEY: And I'm your friend. And so is C'Rizz, and Samson, and Harriet, and Lord knows how many others. Doctor, we don't blame you for this. It isn't your fault. And you can't give in, because I can't. We need you.
DOCTOR: Charley.
CHARLEY: Yes?
DOCTOR: Thank you.

C'RIZZ: Please. Gemma, try to remember who you used to be. Don't let them do this to us.
DALEK: Move, or you will be exterminated.
C'RIZZ: No, I. Exterminate me.
DALEK: Move.
C'RIZZ: I said, exterminate me. I would rather die now than become a monster.
DALEK: Your death would serve no purpose. Self-sacrifice is illogical.
C'RIZZ: You don't understand, do you?
DALEK: I, we, do not. Daleks do not self-destruct for no reason.
C'RIZZ: I am not a Dalek.
DALEK: You would die to save yourself? Would you die to save another?
C'RIZZ: What?
DALEK: Gemma Griffin, stand before me. Prepare to be exterminated.
GEMMA: I obey.
C'RIZZ: No! Don't do this.
DALEK: You will submit?
C'RIZZ: I. I obey.
DALEK: You will follow me. It is your destiny.
C'RIZZ: No!
DALEK: Stand back. Stand back. Stand back!
C'RIZZ: No.
(C'Rizz attacks the Dalek with a roar, presumably ripping off its lid and beating it to death with its own sink plunger.)
C'RIZZ: I am sick of being told what my destiny is! I will be who *I* choose to be!
(The Dalek stops gurgling.)
GEMMA: As a Dalek, you will learn not to waste energy in futile actions. You will move into the Emperor casing. Daleks!
C'RIZZ: No.
DALEKS: Move. Move.

HARRIET: Stop!
SAMSON: Mum, what's the matter?
HARRIET: Charley, where's the Doctor?
CHARLEY: Er, he's gone. He said to say sorry for sneaking off, but he's found another way.
HARRIET: What about Davros?
CHARLEY: Well, he thinks he knows a way to get rid of the Daleks *and* Davros, but he needs our help.

SAMSON: What does he want us to do?
CHARLEY: Meet him back in the Tardis.
SAMSON: The Tardis? Oh, Mum, wait till you see this. Come on!

DOCTOR: Stop.
DALEK: You are the Doctor.
DOCTOR: That's right.
DALEK: You will be exterminated.
DOCTOR: I said stop. You will stop and you will listen to me. I am the Doctor, and I am going to put this right.
DALEK: Explain.

(Hiss, thud.)
C'RIZZ: Er, hello? Let me out of here. Please? It's dark
DALEK [OC]: Survivors.
C'RIZZ: What's that? Who?
DALEK [OC]: Death to
C'RIZZ: What's happening? Why can I hear you?
(Multiple Dalek voices get louder until they drown out C'Rizz.)
C'RIZZ: No! Argh! No. Please. No! No. I, I, please. I am not your
EMPEROR: Emperor.

SAMSON: Well? What do you think?
CHARLEY: It's pretty marvellous, isn't it?
HARRIET: Yes, but how?
SAMSON: It's dimensionally er
CHARLEY: Transcendental?
SAMSON: That's it.
HARRIET: No, not that. I mean, darling, it's patently obvious that the interior and exterior exist in different dimensions and that the doors are a transdimensional gateway between the two, but, how does he keep it clean, and who lights all the candles?
CHARLEY: You know, I've absolutely no idea.
HARRIET: It would be a fabulous place to have a party, though. Moira, Philip, what do you think? I mean, there's room over here for a bar. You just need to get rid of all these books.
SAMSON: My mother is quite crazy.
CHARLEY: I think she's pretty fabulous.
HARRIET: You could set up trestle tables along this wall. In fact, you'd have room in here for a ball.
CHARLEY: Are you coping with all this?
SAMSON: Just about. You?
CHARLEY: I'm just worried about C'Rizz. I just. Oh, damn it.
SAMSON: Charlotte?
CHARLEY: I'm sorry, I'm just being silly.
SAMSON: What's up?
CHARLEY: It's everything. Seeing the Doctor like that. He was so
SAMSON: Vulnerable.
CHARLEY: Yes. Is it selfish of me to be cross with him? Oh, no, not cross, disappointed in him for that.
SAMSON: Don't be silly. Come here.
CHARLEY: He needs me to be strong.
SAMSON: No, he needs you to be his friend. Now, come on. We have to get my mother and her friends together before they discover that there's more to the Tardis than
HARRIET: A door! Just look there, I've found a door.
CHARLEY: Come on. Let's catch them up before they get lost.

DAVROS: It is the end. We have all reached our final destiny.
DOCTOR [OC]: Wait, please. Listen to me.
(Dalek weapons.)
DALEK [OC]: Halt. Halt or you will be exterminated.
DOCTOR [OC]: Don't you understand? I can stop all this.

DALEK [OC]: You will be exterminated.
(Dalek weapons.)
DAVROS: Doctor. No, he has reached his Tardis!
DOCTOR [OC]: You're making a grave mistake, Daleks.
(Tardis door closes, and the Tardis dematerialises.)
DAVROS: The Doctor has left Earth! No, this cannot be! I must see. I must know. What? He has severed the link between us. I cannot see into his Tardis. I cannot experience his adventures. The humans. They have all gone. It is just silence. I am alone.
(The Tardis materialises and the door opens.)
DOCTOR: Davros.
DAVROS: Doctor.
DOCTOR: I've severed the link between my Tardis and Samson. You've lost. You've lost, and the Daleks have won.
DAVROS: They will exterminate me.
DOCTOR: Isn't that what you wanted, if you couldn't regain your humanity?
DAVROS: Indeed.
DOCTOR: What would you do with your humanity, Davros? What would you do with a new life in a cloned body?
DAVROS: I would go out to the stars, explore wonder like you. I could help the galaxy.
DOCTOR: Like you've helped them so many times before? Enslaving them, killing them, turning them into Daleks?
DAVROS: No!
DOCTOR: Can a leopard change its spots, Davros? Can it?
DAVROS: Yes. Yes, I believe. I believe.
DOCTOR: What? What do you believe in, other than your arrogant superiority?
DAVROS: You are right, Doctor. It may take time, but I have been consumed. Consumed for so long.
DOCTOR: Look at this clone. It's made from you but it's not you, it can never be you. The only you that exists is in that Dalek casing.
DAVROS: I am not a Dalek.
DOCTOR: Yes, you are!
DAVROS: Enough.
DOCTOR: You always have been, you always will be. No one else could ever do to me what you have done. And you know what you have done, Davros. Do you?
DAVROS: What have I done?
DOCTOR: You humiliated me.
DAVROS: Ah.
DOCTOR: You took everything that I believed was good about me and twisted it, used it for your own ends. Look at me, Davros, Emperor, whichever aspect of your personality I'm addressing now. Look at me and consider what you've put me through. You've destroyed my friends. You've destroyed my identity. You've destroyed everything that matters to me. And yet, and yet I'm still choosing life. I should kill you, give you the freedom you so desperately seek.
DAVROS: Ah, yes, please.
DOCTOR: But I won't.
DAVROS: Ah. Oh.
DOCTOR: Because that would be too easy.
DAVROS: Why?

DOCTOR: Because, and you can sneer at the cliché all you like, but where there's life there *is* hope. I have the possibility to meet more people, visit new places, experience new things. I'm not going to let what you've done to me destroy that. And killing you would make me like you.
DAVROS: I knew you wouldn't. Couldn't! (laughs) You have always been weak, pathetic! I shall crush you once and for all!
DOCTOR: Davros, you don't know me at all. You may know aspects of me, but not this me. Each time we've met I've been older, wiser, and less tolerant of you. And today you've shown me you've gone far too far. You can come in now!
(Door slides open.)
DALEK: Doctor, we require Davros. We require our Emperor.
DAVROS: No. I will not submit. I am not the Emperor. I am Davros! I am nothing like you.

DALEK: Doctor, we have brought your friend.
C'RIZZ: Doctor. Doctor, please.
DOCTOR: C'Rizz!
DAVROS: A touching reunion. Dalek, exterminate them!
DALEK: We cannot. The Doctor has the virus.
DOCTOR: The virus, by the way, Davros, that you gave me.
DALEK: If we exterminate him, we will all die.
DOCTOR: So you'll stick to our agreement. You'll leave Earth.
DALEK: We will.
DAVROS: (laughs) Oh, Doctor. You sound like you think you've won. What agreement do you have with *my* Daleks?
DOCTOR: Oh, I don't think they're your Daleks at all, Davros. We made an agreement that if I got C'Rizz and Gemma back safely, I'd give them their one true Emperor. Permanently. And then you could all fly far, far, far away.
C'RIZZ: Are you going to be the Emperor again, instead of me?
DAVROS: No.
DOCTOR: Yes, you are. Dalek, do your worst!
(Weapons fire.)
DAVROS: No! My clone!
DOCTOR: He's lost. All the research, too. I said I wouldn't kill you, Davros, but I'll certainly destroy your dreams.
DAVROS: No. No, my humanity, gone. No, no, I am Davros. I am supreme! I am. I am argh!
EMPEROR: Davros is gone. Davros is dead. I am the Emperor.
DALEK: You are the Emperor of the Daleks. You will lead us anew.
DAVROS: I order you to exterminate the Doctor.
DOCTOR: Ah, ah, ah. Still got the virus. Tiny pressure of my finger, and all that. Daleks, we had a deal.
DALEK: We shall leave Earth immediately.
EMPEROR: How?
C'RIZZ: They have a flotilla of ships under the water.
DOCTOR: Every single Dalek. And you will never, ever come back here. The virus will ensure that.
DALEK: We have an agreement. Emperor?
EMPEROR: Emperor. Yes. Yes, I am the Emperor. Lead me to our vessels. Lead! Lead!
DALEKS: We obey. We obey.
(Door closes.)
C'RIZZ: Doctor, I
DOCTOR: Later. Come on, let's get you into the Tardis.

DOCTOR: A little help in here? C'Rizz, before the others get back.
C'RIZZ: Yes?
DOCTOR: I saw you on the screen with Gemma. Where is she?
C'RIZZ: Doctor, Gemma's. She didn't make it. How did you know her?
DOCTOR: Once upon a time we travelled together. Listen, don't tell anyone about meeting her. They think she died a long time ago. They've already grieved.
C'RIZZ: We can't just forget her.
DOCTOR: Please, you have to. It's important to them and to me.
C'RIZZ: Yes, Doctor. Of course.
(Door opens.)
CHARLEY: C'Rizz!
C'RIZZ: Charley! Oh, it's good to see you.
HARRIET: Who the hell are you?
CHARLEY: He's C'Rizz. He's my friend.
DOCTOR: It's over at last.

(Birdsong.)
HARRIET: Charley? Charley!
CHARLEY [OC]: Yes?
HARRIET: They're back!
(Footsteps.)

DOCTOR: Morning, Harriet. May I reintroduce you to your son?
HARRIET: Samson? Are you
SAMSON: Right as rain.
DOCTOR: I've removed every last taint of Davros from his mind.
HARRIET: Oh, thank you, Doctor.
SAMSON: Mum, we should do something about finding other people, start rebuilding our world.
HARRIET: What do you think we've been doing? Nigel and Pam have led a group up north, poor sods. Come on, you need to pack. I thought we could take a trip down south. I know of at least three communities down there.
DOCTOR: How've you been, Charley?
CHARLEY: I'm fine. No, I'm better than fine. It's been so peaceful here.
DOCTOR: Peaceful? With Harriet?
CHARLEY: All right, maybe peaceful's the wrong word, but I just feel, oh, like my old self.
DOCTOR: Really? That's fantastic. So, are you ready to rejoin me and C'Rizz? Might just be our boring old universe, but I'm sure there's plenty of it still to explore.
CHARLEY: Try and stop me. Where first?
DOCTOR: Well, I thought I'd promised to you to

(Noisy holidaymakers.)
CHARLEY: Blackpool!
DOCTOR: Ha, ha! The one and only. Candyfloss, Miss Pollard?
CHARLEY: Don't mind if I do, Doctor. Will they be all right? You know, Harriet and Samson and the others?
DOCTOR: They'll be superb. Best people to rebuild the Earth, if you ask me. It'll be one big party. I gave them the virus, to protect Earth if the Daleks ever come back.
CHARLEY: I imagine she'd put in in her vol-au-vents and invite them round for a party.
DOCTOR: Just having it should be sufficient deterrent to the Daleks.
CHARLEY: And what about C'Rizz? He still seems quiet. He's been shut away in his room for days.
DOCTOR: He just needs some rest. He went through an incredibly traumatic experience, almost becoming Emperor of the Daleks. I don't envy Davros that destiny.
CHARLEY: I like C'Rizz. I know I wasn't sure at first, but I think it's going to be great. We'll be like the three Musketeers.
DOCTOR: More like the Three Stooges. Now, did I ever tell you about that time I met King Henry the Eighth? He mistook me for a jester.
CHARLEY: No. However did he do that?
DOCTOR: Now that's the question. I've never done anything that out of the ordinary
(Walking away, drowned out by a seagull squawking.)

(Door bursts open whilst C'Rizz is snoring.)
C'RIZZ: What? Eh? Charley? Doctor, are you there? Hello?
MAN [OC]: Oh, hello.
C'RIZZ: Oh, it's you. You woke me up.
MAN [OC]: Go to sleep. Go to sleep.
C'RIZZ: I would do, if you'd stop talking. Can't you make him be quiet?
L'DA [OC]: Me, my love?
C'RIZZ: Any of you. I just want to go to sleep.
DALEK [OC]: We do not sleep. We cannot sleep.
C'RIZZ: Well, obviously. You're dead. The dead don't sleep.
GEMMA [OC]: They do in this universe. I don't understand it here. Why did you bring us?
MAN [OC]: Why did you bring us here?
C'RIZZ: I came with the Doctor and Charley because they're my friends. I thought I was alone.
MUTANT [OC]: Never alone.
C'RIZZ: I get that now. But they wouldn't. In this universe they forget the dead.
MAN [OC]: You wouldn't forget me, would you?
DALEK [OC]: Or me?
MUTANT [OC]: Or me?
GEMMA [OC]: Or me?
C'RIZZ: No, of course I wouldn't. How could I forget you, Gemma? You, all of you, are part of me because I saved you.

GEMMA [OC]: Will you save Charley and the Doctor?
C'RIZZ: Oh, yes. Probably. One day. Now, be quiet and let me get some sleep.